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ZANE GREY'S

AUTHORIZED EDITION

WEST of the PECOS

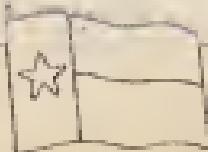




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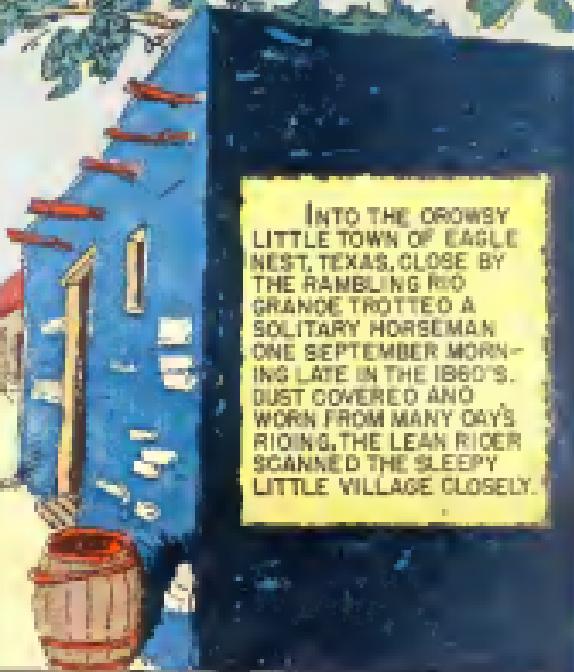
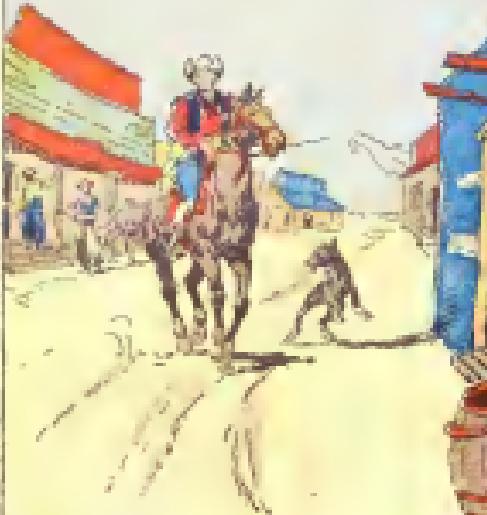


IN THE BITTER YEARS OF THE LATE 1860'S, THE GREAT STATE OF TEXAS, BY THE LONG RIO GRANDE, LAY PANTING FROM ITS EFFORT IN THE CIVIL WAR. ITS CULTURE AND WEALTH, CENTERED IN THE RICH FLATLANDS AND CITIES OF ITS EASTERN PART, WERE STAGGERING FROM ITS LOSSES IN MEN AND MONEY. BUT THE INCOMITABLE SPIRIT OF ITS PEOPLE WAS RAISING ITS EYES, ALREADY LOOKING FOR NEW COUNTRY IN WHICH TO BEGIN A NEW LIFE -- LOOKING WEST TOWARDS NEW HORIZONS OF HOPE AND OPPORTUNITY -- AND DANGER; WEST TO THE FERTILE MEADOWS BEYOND THE MOUNTAIN RANGE'S TO THE INDIAN COUNTRY AND THE LAWLESS FRONTIER LANOS WEST OF THE PECOS!



WEST OF THE PECOS

by
ZANE GREY



INTO THE CROWDY LITTLE TOWN OF EAGLE NEST, TEXAS, CLOSE BY THE RAMBLING RIO GRANDE TROTTED A SOLITARY HORSEMAN ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING LATE IN THE 1880'S. DUST COVERED AND WORN FROM MANY DAY'S RIDING, THE LEAN RIDER SCANNED THE SLEEPY LITTLE VILLAGE CLOSELY.

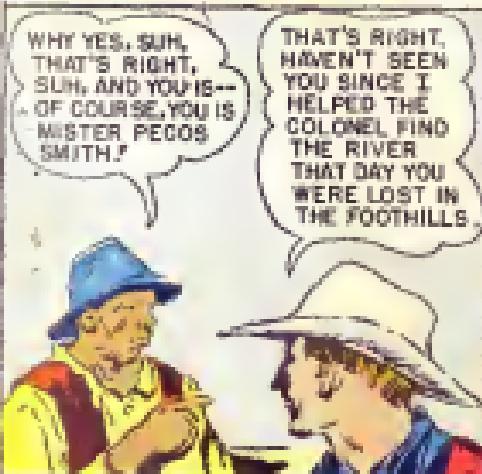
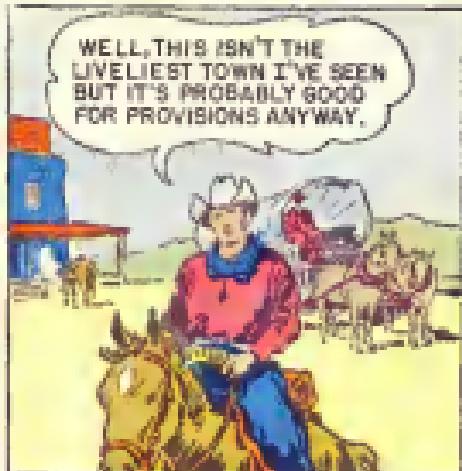
"PECOS" SMITH, FOR SUCH WAS THE RIDER'S NAME, SLOWED HIS HORSE TO A WALK, AND LOOKED ABOUT HIM.



HOWOW, BUB --
WHERE'S
EVERYONE AT
IN THIS BURG?

WHY, I GUESS
THEY'RE MOSTLY
ALL OVER AT
THE BRASEE'S
BAR, SIR.





WHY, WHAT'S WRONG
SAMBO? COLONEL
SICK, IS HE?

HE DAID SUH--SHOT
DAID WITH A INJUN
ARROW HE WUZ, AND
NOW YOUNG MASTER
TERRILL--



THE COLONEL DEAD?
I'M MIGHTY SORRY TO
HEAR THAT SAMBO.
HE WAS A FINE MAN,
AN' YOUNG TERRILL,
TOO, EH--INJUNS BOY
HIM, DID THEY?

OH, NO SUH, HE
ALIVE--BUT I
SPEC HE WISHES
HE WUZ DAID.



WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, SAMBO?

ME IN JAIL, SUH--
RIGHT OVER THAR
IN THE CALABOOSE,
LOCKED UP!



WELL, TELL ME
ABOUT IT. THAT
BOY NEVER LOOKED
LIKE A TROUBLE--
MAKER TO ME--
WHAT GOES ON?

WELL, SUH,
IT'S A LONG
STORY--



IT'S ALL THAT MISTER
BREEN SAWTELL'S DOIN'--
HE EVEN HAD THE COLONEL
KILLED. I KNOWS THAT.
THE COLONEL HE WOULDNT
SELL OUT TO SAWTELL.

SO THIS
SAWTELL
PULLED A
PHONY
INJUN RAID,
EH--



THAT'S RIGHT,
MISTER PECOS,
AN' NOW HE GOT
YOUNG TERRILL
LOCKED UP FOR
OWIN' SUPPLY
MONEY.

C'MON, SAMBO,
WE'RE GOIN' TO DO
SOME CHANGIN'
'ROUND HERE.





HEY, GOWPOKE, YOU
CAN'T DO THAT! I
THAT'S SAWTELL'S
JAIL!

STAND BACK, FATTY.
I WOULDN'T WANT
TO MISS AND CUT
ONE OF YOUR EARS
OFF --

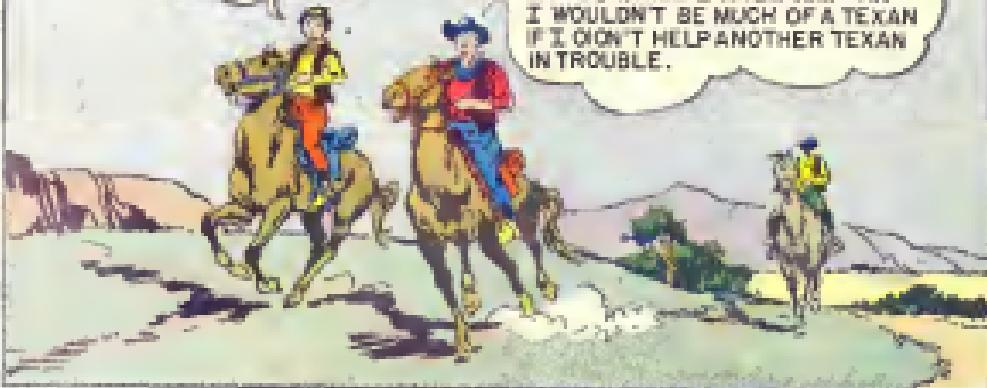
THERE WE ARE!
HEY, KID! TERRILL!
C'MON OUT IN THE
SUNSHINE.

WHY --
WHY --



PECOS, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO SAY.

YOUR DADDY WAS A FINE MAN,
KID. I KNEW THAT JUST THE
LITTLE WHILE I KNEW HIM—AN'
I WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A TEXAN
IF I DIDN'T HELP ANOTHER TEXAN
IN TROUBLE.



BUT YOU'RE TAKING
QUITE A CHANCE
BUCKING SAWTELL.

NOT IF HE'S ANY
RELATION TO
ANOTHER ONE
I KNEW.



NO, BUT I KNEW
HIS BROTHER AN'
I HAD TO SHOOT
HIM. HOW FAR'S
YOUR RANCH, KID?



SHOOT HIM?

WELL, IT'S A
LONG STORY,
I'LL TELL YOU
SOME DAY.



AT SUNSET, THE
LITTLE PARTY
TOPPED A RISE
NEAR THE PECOS.



THERE IT IS, PECOS,
MY--MY FATHER'S
RANCH.

WELL, IT LOOKS
MIGHTY HOMEY,
IT DOES, KID.

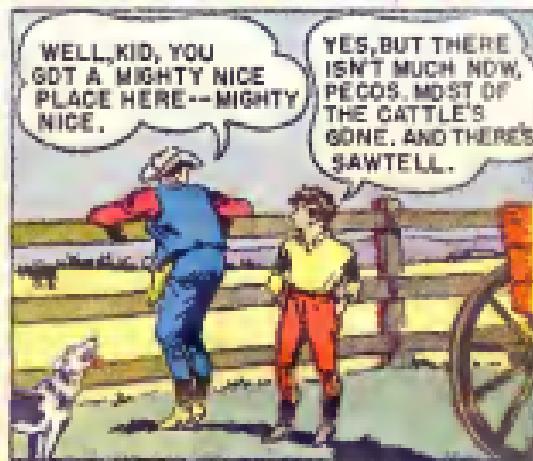
THE NEAT LITTLE RANCH HOUSE APPEALED TO PECOS. AFTER YEARS OF SADDLE BUMMING, THE YOUNG COWBOY LIKED THE CLEAN COMFORT OF THE PLACE.

YOU'RE SURE NEAT AND CLEAN FOR A BOY, TERRILL. GOLLY, THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE A WOMAN'S!

I--OH--I, WELL SAMBO AND MAUREE KEEP IT. THAT REMINDS ME, EXCUSE ME FOR A MINUTE.

SAMBO, YOU AND MAUREE MUST BE CAREFUL NOW.

YES'N, WE WILL.



SO TERRILL LAMBETH HAD A PARTNER, AND UNDER THE CAPABLE HANDS OF PEDRO SMITH THE LITTLE RANCH BEGAN TO GROW AGAIN.

G'MON, TERRILL, WE GOT SOME MORE RIDIN' TO DO. WELL WORK UP THEM SULLIES FOR A FEW DAYS.

BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE, SOON'S I HITCHUP THIS SADDLE.

A STRONG FRIENDSHIP GREW UP BETWEEN THE SLIM YOUNGSTER AND THE COWBOY. MANY A FIRE-LIT EVENING THEY SPENT TOGETHER AND SPUN CLOSER.

WELL, IT'S A LONG STORY, KID. HAPPENED JUST AFTER I LEFT YOU AND YOUR FATHER.

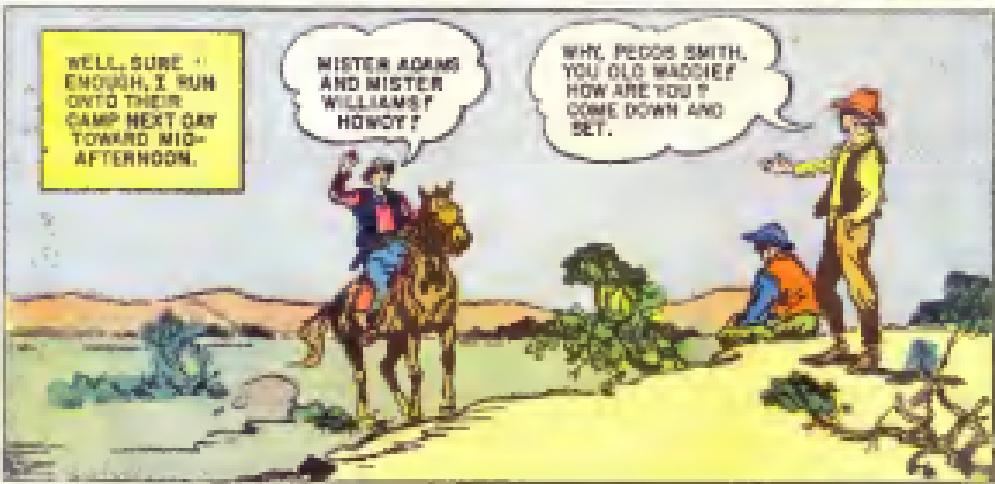
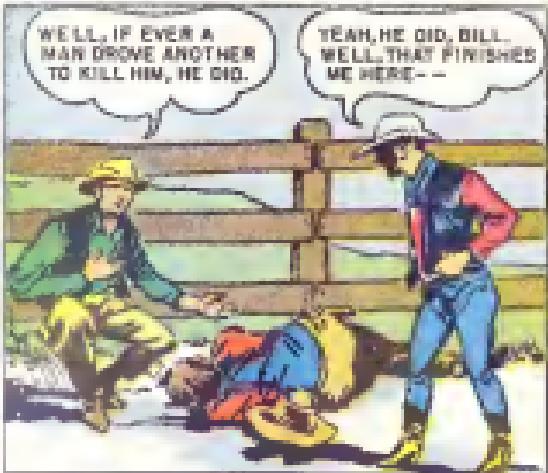
BUT BY AND BY PEDRO UNFOLDED THE STORY OF HIS PAST TO TERRILL.

AND ENDED JUST BEFORE I RODE DOWN TO EAGLE NEST WHERE YOU WERE IN THE COOLER.

YOU SEE, I WAS WORKIN' FOR THE MEALDS AT THE TIME -- TRAILIN' RUSTLERS MOSTLY.

AN' ONE DAY I DONE IN OFF A TRAILIN' PARTY TO FIND A GUY NAMED SAWTELL, BROTHER TO THIS GREEN SAWTELL OF YOURS, WAITIN' FOR ME.





WELL, IT DIDN'T TAKE
LONG TO GET THEM
SIDE OF IT.

'COURSE WE WAS
BRANDIN' MAVERICKS,
BUT THEY AINT NO
LAW AHN' IT IN
TEXAS, IS THEREY?

I GUESS NOT—

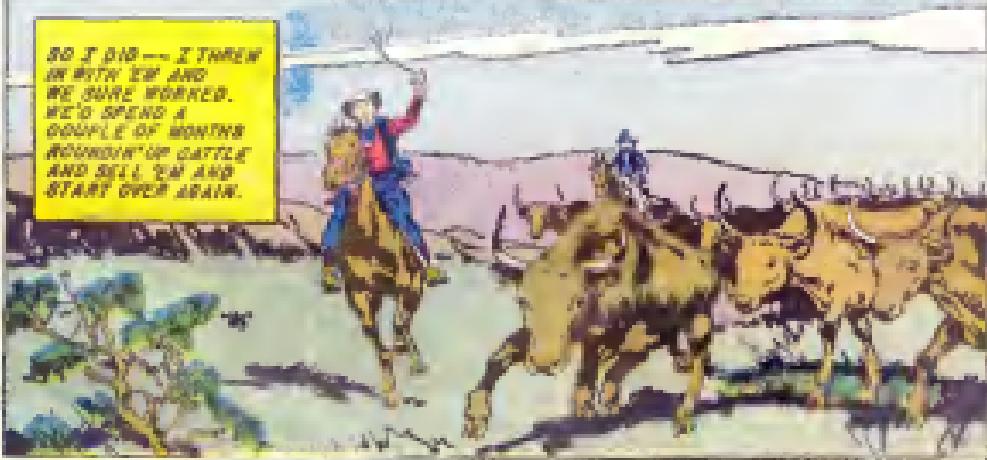


WELL, LOOK HERE,
PECCOS — WHY DON'TCHA
THROW IN WITH US
FOR A SPELL? WE'D
LIKE TO HAVE YOU.

WELL, MEBBE
I MIGHT—



SO I DID — I THREW
IN WITH EM AND
WE SURE WORKED.
WE'D SPEND A
COUPLE OF MONTHS
ROUNDIN' UP CATTLE
AND SELL 'EM AND
START OVER AGAIN.



THEN, ONE DAY, AFTER A
ROUNDUP,

BOYS, I'LL WAIT HERE
AND KEEP CAMP WHILE
YOU'RE GONE. NO USE
TO BREAK IT UP ALL
THE TIME.

O.K. PROBS,
WE'LL BE BACK
IN 'BOUT A WEEK.



WELL, AFTER A WEEK WENT
BY WITHOUT ANY SIGN OF
THEM, I COMMENCED TO GET
WORRIED PLENTY.



I DASHED WHAT I
COULD AND TOOK ONE
PACK HORSE AND
SET OUT TO LOOK
FOR THEM.



THINGS DON'T
LOOK TOO GOOD
TO BE INITIATED.
THE COUNTRY WAS
LOADED WITH
INJURY SIGNS AND
I KEPT A MIGHTY
SHARP EYE OUT.



ABOUT FIVE DAYS OUT OF
CAMP--

OH! OH!--THAT'S A
MAN SCREAMING IF
I EVER HEARD ONE!
RIGHT OVER THAT
HUMP.

EE-YOW!



I HOOBBLED THE HORSES IN A
LITTLE DRIB--THEN I CLIMBED
UP GREATLY CAREFUL--AND I
GOT AN EYEFUL!



WHAT WAS IT,
PEDRO? TELL ME!

WELL, YOU COULD'A
KNOCKED ME OVER!



IT WAS A RECENTE PARTY FOR
TWO HER, AND THEY'D ALREADY
HUNG ONE OF THEM! IT
WAS WILLIAMS!



THEY WAS MARSH ADAMS
READY AND I KNEW
I COULDN'T DO MUCH BUT
TRY TO HELP HIM. AFTER
ALL HE WAS MY FARMER.



IT WAS A LONG
SHOT FROM WHERE
I WAS LYIN' --
BUT I NEVER HAD
A CHANCE TO DO
MUCH FOR HIM...



'CAUSE ALL OF A
SUDDEN THE OTHER
END OF THE BULLY
JUST DUST LOOSE
WITH HORSES --
A GOMANCHE
WAR PARTY!

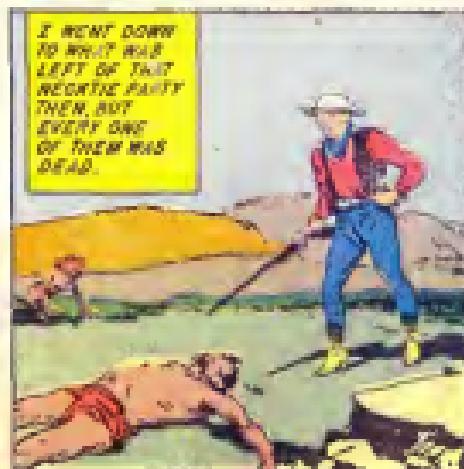


THEM INDIANS BUSTED INTO
THAT BONNIE LINE LIKE A CYCLONE
IN A HARVEST.



IT WASN'T MUCH USE
TRYIN' TO HELP.
THEY WERE TOO FAR
SO I WAITED --

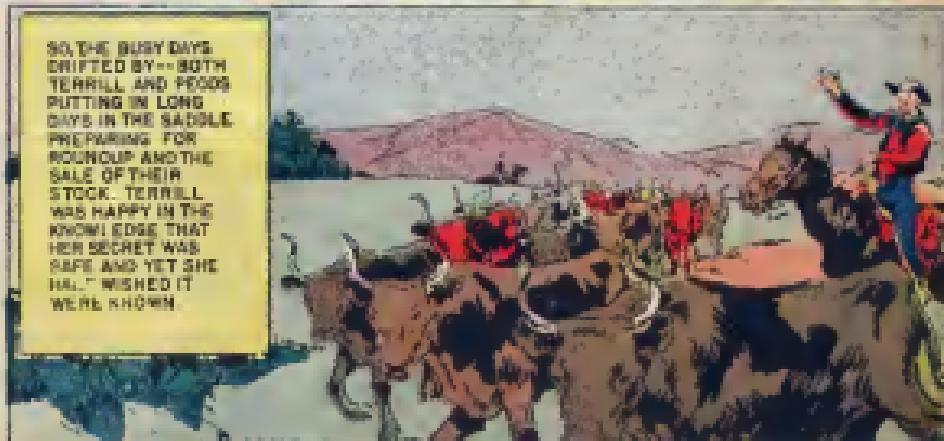








OH, I WON'T BE SILLY.
I'LL JUST GO TO SLEEP.



IT'S CLOSE ON TO ROUNDRUP
TIME MON, KID. WE'RE GOMMA
HAVE US A BIG HERD TO SELL
AN' I GOT AN IDEA HOW TO
HAVE A BIGGER ONE.

HOW'S THAT PECOS?



YOU KNOW THAT
BUNCH. THAT'S
BACK OF THAT
GULCH UP AT THE
WEST END...

YES, OF COURSE,
BUT WE COULD
NEVER GET THEM
ACROSS THAT
RAVINE, PECOS.
IT'S TOO DEEP.

'COURSE IT IS, NOW.
BUT ALL I NEED IS
A LITTLE LUCK.
RIDE AND WE'LL
DO IT!

LUCK? WHAT
SORT OF LUCK?



TERHILL, NEVER
YOU MIND. JUST
HELP ME PRAY
FOR RAIN.

WHY, PECOS, OH,
OF COURSE!
YOU MEAN--

THAT'S RIGHT, KID.
COME RAIN WE CAN
SWIM 'EM ACROSS.





MATCH THEM SNAGS, KID! THEY'LL
KNOCK YOU! HEY, LOOK OUT!



WELL, GOSH--WHAT
DO YOU KNOW ABOUT
THAT--A GIRL?
I'LL BE--

WH--WHAT--WHERE
AM I?

YOU GOT KNOCKED OFF BY
A SNAG, KID. BUT YOU'RE
ALL RIGHT NOW.

BUT PEGOS KEPT HIS SECRET TO
HIMSELF, VOWING NEVER TO LET
HIS LITTLE PARTNER KNOW.

YEP, THEY'RE HALF-
WAY DOWN TO THE
RANCH NOW, I THINK.
WE'D BETTER HEAD
BACK THERE
OURSELVES.

BUT I FEEL SO WEAK.
DID THE CATTLE CROSS?



I HOPE YOU DON'T
THINK I'M A SISY.

COURSE I DON'T.
YOU GOT A REAL
KNOCK IN THE HEAD.
HERE WE ARE!



TERRELL'S GONNA HAVE
TO STAY IN BED FOR A
DAY OR TWO, SANDO.
YOU AND MAUREE'LL
HAVE TO TAKE GOOD
CARE OF HIM.



TESSUM, MR. PEGOS--
THIS AINT NO TIME
FOR TROUBLE I KNOW,
SUN, BUT--





LOOK LIKE HE'S
COMIN' BACK ALREADY.
LAW NO-- IT'S TWO
RIDERS -- OH-- MARGE TERRILL!



WHAT IS IT SAMBO,
WHAT'S WRONG?

COUPLE OF RIDERS
COMIN' DOWN AN'
I THINK ONE OF
EM'S MR SAWTELL.

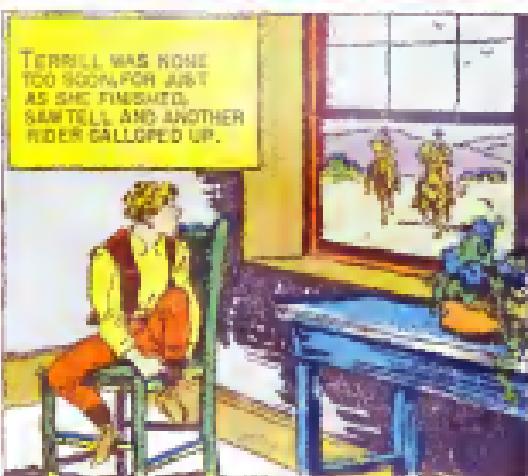


SAMTELL? OH NO,
IT CAN'T BE QUICK
SAMBO, I HAVE TO
GET DRESSED.

YES MAMM,



TERRILL WAS HOME
TOO SOON FOR JUST
AS SHE FINISHED,
SAMTELL AND ANOTHER
RIDER GALLOPED UP.



WELL, HOWDY, KID!
HOW ARE YOU?

SAMTELL? WHAT
DO YOU WANT NOW?



HAVEN'T YOU DONE
ENOUGH TO ME WITHOUT
SHOWING UP ON THIS
RANCH?

NOW DON'T YOU GET
UPPITY AID. THIS
HERE'S THE SHERIFF.





WELL, I DON'T KNOW,
SAMTELL. LIKE HE SAYS,
WE AINT GOT A WARRANT.

WHAT'PF WHAT ARE
YOU DRIVELIN' ABOUT
A WARRANT FORTY WHEE
TO STOP US? THE
KID'S GONNA!



NOW, BOSS, TAKE IT
EASY --

SO HE'S A SHERIFF,
EH--AND HE CALLS
YOU BOSS?



WHY, YOU---FFF KID!
GET OUTA MY WAY---
I'M GOV'NING BODS.
YOU KEEP YOUR GUN
ON THEM SERVANTS.

STOP SAMTELL! IF
YOU COME ANOTHER
STEP, I'LL --

YOU'LL WHAT--



OH, YOU FILTHY--

OH, A SCRAPPY KID.
EHT WELL, LOOK HERE,
SEE--

YOU AINT STOPPIN' ME, SEE?
YOU WANNA FIGHT, EM, WELL--



WELL, BLAST ME FOR
A TENDERFOOT-- A GIRL!
A GIRL!

STOP! STOP!

NOW AIN'T THIS JUST
CANDY-- SO YOU'RE A
GIRL. I WISHED I'D
BETCHA THIS BEFORE.
BUT I'D A COME VISITIN'
WHERE'S THAT SMITH?

HE HE'S AWAY! STOP,
YOU'RE BREAKING
MY ARM!

WHERE'S HE KEEP
THE RANCH MONEY?

I--I DON'T KNOW!

SURE YOU KNOW--
WHERE IS IT? I'LL TEAR
THE PLACE APART!

IN HERE, IS IT?
C'MON, IS IT?

OH, YOU'RE KILLING ME!

UNDER THE BED, IS IT?
HAH, ANSWER ME!

I DON'T KNOW



WHAT THERE IT IS --
LOADED TOO WELL,
THAT'S WHAT WE WANT.

FIND IT, BOO, BOSS?"

"COURSE I DID -- YOU STAY
STILL, KIDDO."



WOW -- MUST BE
TEN GRAND HERE! LUCKY MONEY FOR
ME, EH, HA, HA!

I'M GETTIN' A CUT
TOO. AINT I, BOO, LIKE YOU PROMISED?

NOW, LOOK HERE,
SAMTELL. YOU SAID
YOU'D SPLIT WHAT
WE FOUND. D'ON'T
YOU?

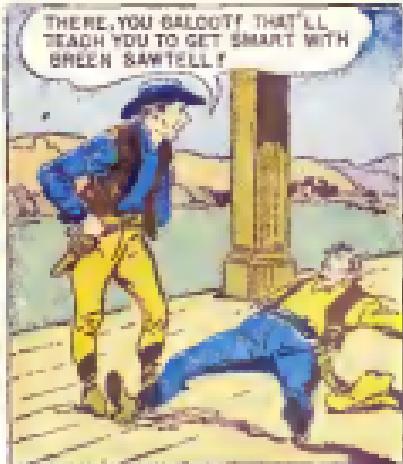


SO, I SPOSE I CHANGE
MY MIND. EH, WHAT
THEN?

WHY, BOSS, YOU
WOULDN'T DO A
THING LIKE THAT
--- YOU ---

SO WHAT? THIS IS MINE, SEE?
YOU'RE JUST WORKIN' FOR ME.
WHY, YOU ---





AN' I WOULDN'T BE
AT ALL SURPRISED BUT
THAT'S ONE OF 'EM
COMING NOW.

PROBABLY DAGTRY.
I GUESS--SO, HOW ABOUT
IT, KID--YOU GONNA BE
FRIENDLY OR NOT?

ONLY WISH
I HAD A GUN!

HOW WHAT WOULD YOU
DO WITH IT? HUH? IT'S NOT
NICE TO SAY THINGS LIKE
THAT.

WHY THE FIRST THING
YOU KNOW--SAY, WAIT
A MINUTE, IS THAT
DAGTRY? OR--

PECCOS
SMITH!







WELL, LAWYER, I GUESS
MISS TERRILL AINT GONNA
BE MURSE TERRILL NO MORE.
HE, HE, HE.

GWAN, WHAT
SHE GONNA BE
NOW?

HONEY, SHE'S GONNA
CHANGE HER NAME ALL
THE WAY ROUND, THAT'S
WHAT SHE'S GONNA DO.

YOU MEAN SHE'S
GONNA-----

SHE'S GONNA BE
MRS. PEGOS SMITH?
THAT'S WHAT I JUST
HEARD!

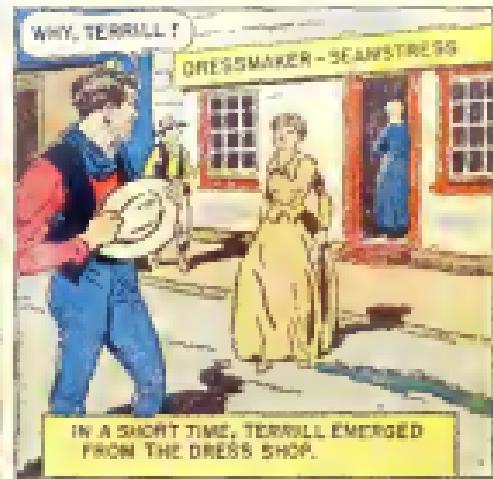
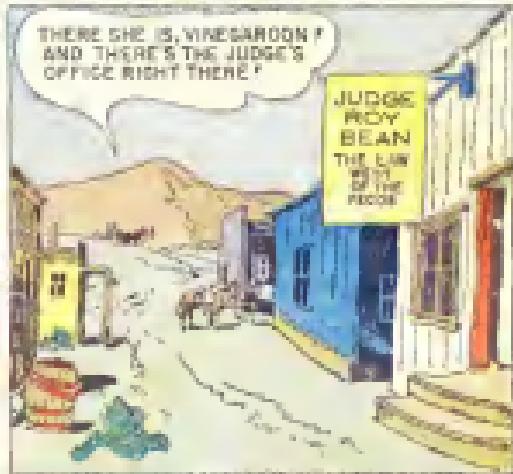
WELL, AINT
THAT NICE?

'COURSE THEY'S GOIN' IN
TO VINEGAROON RIGHT
AWAY THERE'S A NEW
JUDGE THERE.

WELL, DON'T JUST
STAND THERE, HITCH
UP THE BUCKBOARD,
I GOT A CARE TO
BAKE I HAVE.

BUT, PEGOS, THERE'S
NO JUDGE IN
VINEGAROON.

THERE IS NOW,
TERRILL.





GUITAR CROONIN' BLUES

by C.WILES HALLOCK

WHEN YORE OUT HUNTN' STRAYS FOR THE ROUNDUP
ON A RANGE SORTA STRANGE AND NEW,
AND IT'S LONG TO RD NIGHT - NOT A SOUL IN SIGHT
'CEPTIN' ONLY YORE HOSS AND YOU -
WHEN YORE STEWIN' YORE GRUB ON A CAMPFIRE,
AND YOURE SPREADIN' YORE BED BESIDE,
WITH NO WALLS NOR DOORS 'CEPTIN' ALL OUTDOORS -
YO'RE ALONE - CLEAN ALONE, INSIDE !

O, THE PINES LOOK SO GRIM AND MOURNFUL;
AND YO'RE GRIM - AND YO'RE MOURNFUL, TOO;
AND A COYOTE HOWLS, AND YOU HEAR HOOT OWLS -
YOU COULD DIE, YO'RE SO DOGGONE BLUE !
BUT IT AINT NEAR SO BAD AS IT SEEMS LIKE,
IF YO'RE SMART LIKE OLD COWMAN ARE;
CAUSE YOU KNOWS SOME TUNES EVERY COWMAN CROONS.
AND YOU HAULS OUT YORE OLD GUITAR.

THEN YOD STRUMS IN THE DANGIN' FIRELIGHT
AND YOU LIFTS UP YORE VOICE AND SINGS:
SUCH AS OLD BLACK JOE, CASEY JONES, SWING LOW,
LA PALOMET, JUANITER, WHITE WINDS . . .
YER, YORE DANGED OLD GUITAR IS A COMFORT
IN THE NIGHT WHEN YO'RE FEELIN' STRANGE,
TILL YORE BIRDG SITS SORE AT THE GRAND UPROAR,
AND YOU CHASE HIM ALL OVER THE RANGE !

